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SONGS
DUETTS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN
A NEW AND APPROPRIATE ENTERTAINMENT,
CALLED THE

Glorious First of June. *ℓ*

PERFORMED, FOR THE FIRST TIME,

BY

THEIR MAJESTIES SERVANTS

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE,

For the BENEFIT of the

WIDOWS and ORPHANS

of the brave Men who fell in the Engagements under

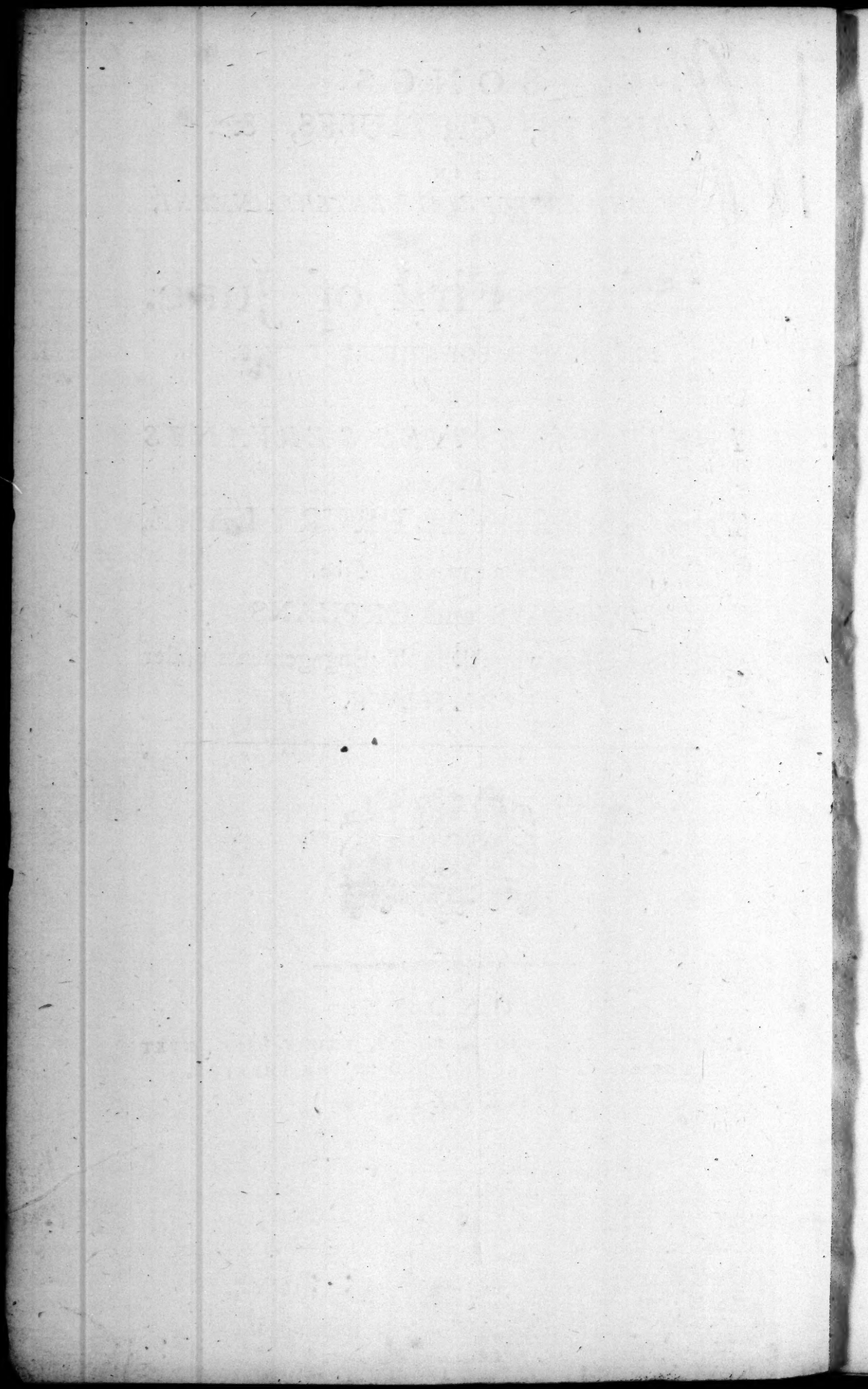
EARL HOWE.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. LOWNDES, NO. 66, DRURY-LANE, NEXT
THE STAGE-DOOR, AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

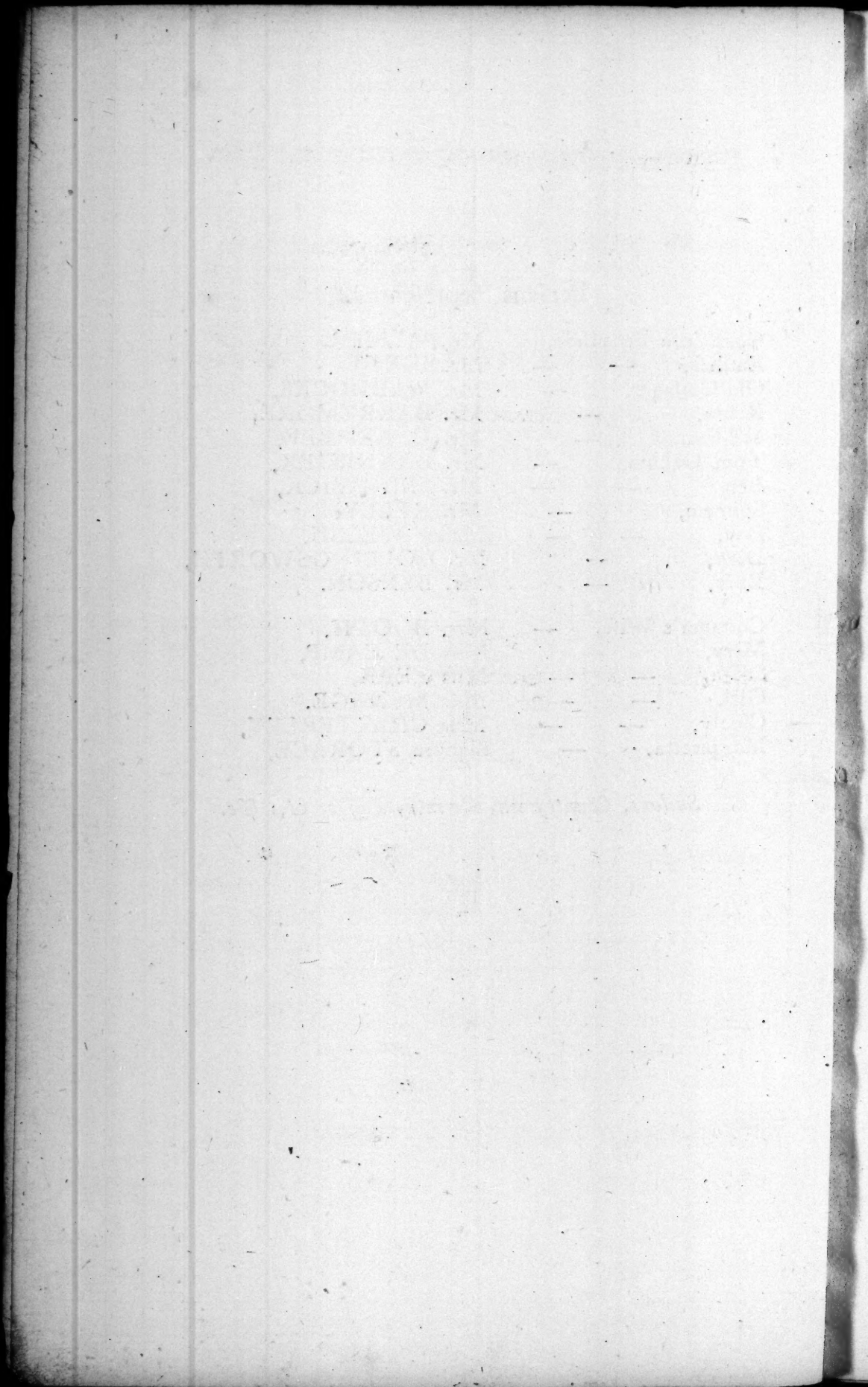
(PRICE SIX-PENCE.)



Persons Represented.

Comodore Broadside,		Mr. PALMER.
Endless,	— —	Mr. SUETT,
Old Cottager,	—	Mr. MADDOCKS,
Robin,	—	Mr. BARRYMORE,
William,	—	Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Tom Oakum,	—	Mr. BANNISTER,
Ben,	— —	Mr. SEDGWICK,
Splicem,	—	Mr. KELLY,
Boy,	— —	Master WELSH,
Dick,	—	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH,
Bufy,	—	Mr. BENSON.
Cottager's Wife,	—	Mrs. BOOTH,
Mary,	—	Miss DE CAMP,
Susan,	— —	Miss LEAK,
Girl,	— —	Miss MENAGE,
Cicely,	— —	Miss CHATTERLEY,
Margaretta,	—	Signora STORACE,

Sailors, Countrymen, Country Lasses, &c. &c.



SONGS, CHORUSES: &c.
IN THE
GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

G L E E.

MARY, SUSAN, BOY, and COUNTRYMEN,

ADIEU to the village delights
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd,
No longer the country invites,
To me all its pleasures are void.

Adieu to the health-breathing hill,
Thou canst not my comfort restore,
For ever adieu my dear Will,
My Henry, alafs ! is no more.

SONG.—BOY.

When 'tis night, and the mid watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then sailors think of their far-distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see again;
But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind;
We think that should the day be won;
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear
That their old companion he was one.

Or,

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind,
 Have left on shore; some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you,
 O! when the fight's begun
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind;
 Think only should the day be won:
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart to hear
 That her own true sailor he was one.

SONG.—SUSAN.

Oh, stay, my love, my William, dear,
 Ah! whither art thou flying?
 Nor think'st thou of my parents here,
 Nor heed'st thy Susan fighting;
 Thy country's cause and honour call,
 Are words that but deceive thee,
 Thou seest my tears, how fast they fall,
 Thou must not, William, leave me.
 Who'll o'er them watch, if thus we part,
 In sickness or in sorrow,
 In some cold shed, with breaking heart,
 Where will thy comfort borrow?
 Neglected left, no William nigh,
 To cheer, protect, relieve them;
 I, helpless, thrown aside to die,
 Thou must not, William, leave them.
 Ah me! and think a summers flown,
 Perhaps we part for ever;
 The fondest hearts that e'er were known,
 Unpitying death will sever!

Then

Then why e'er waste or throw away?
 ('Twill pass too soon, believe me)
 Our day of love, our little day,
 Thou must not, William, leave me.

SONG.—SP LICEM.

When in war on the ocean, we meet the proud foe,
 With ardour for conquest our bosoms do glow,
 Shou'd they see on our vessels Old England's flag
 wave,
 Tis worthy of Britons, who conquer to save.

Their tri-colour'd ensigns we view from afar,
 With three cheers they're welcom'd by each Bri-
 tish tar;
 Whilst the Genius of Britain still bids us advance,
 Our great guns in thunder hurl defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside; she sinks, down she
 goes;
 Quickly man all your boats, they no longer are foes,
 To snatch a brave fellow from a wat'ry grave,
 Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

Happy land, thou hast now in defence of thy rights,
 Brave Howe, who the man and the hero unites;
 The friend to the wretched, the boast of the brave,
 He lives still to conquer and conquers to save.

QUINTETTO.

SP LICEM, COUNTRYMEN, MARY, and SUSAN.

Th' eventful hour is near at hand,
 That must my destiny command:
 Ah! could I purchase fortune's smile,
 Whole years of fortune pain and toil

I'd

I'd yield to her capricious pow'r,
And bribe her for that single hour.

SONG. TOM OAKUM.

O'er the vast surface of the deep
Britain shall still her empire keep;
Her heav'n-descended charter long,
The fav'rite theme of glory's song,
Shall still proclaim the blest decree,
That Britons ever shall be free.

" Though hostile bands in fierce array,
" Dare to dispute her sovereign sway;
" Though savage fury, nurs'd in gore,
" Boast to despoil her silver shore;
" Heav'n still supports her best decree,
" That Britons ever will be free.

" 'Twas thus with Howe, illustrious name!
" Still adding to a life of fame,
" Through Gallia's proud Armada broke—
" And Albion's wrath in thunder spoke,
" While Vict'ry sanction'd the decree—
" That Britons ever shall be free.

Hail happy Britain, favour'd isle,
Where freedom, arts, and commerce shine;
Long may thy George in glory prove,
The transports of a nation's love;
Long reign to guard the blest decree.
That Britons ever shall be free.

DUEET

DUET.—MARY and SUSAN.

Our hearts with joy expanding,
 Your voice our fate commanding,
 Most grateful thanks demanding
 Accept the tribute due :
 Whatever good befalling,
 We still shall think of you ;
 Adieu—
 Whatever good befalling,
 Our gratitude recalling,
 We still shall think of you.

A C T II.

SONG. MARGARETTA.

Never, never, when you 've won us
 Can we trust in faithless man ?
 For our constant love you shun us
 And we're dup'd do all we can.

Soon the passion you pretended,
 Like a magic charm is ended,
 While we're grieving, fobbing, crying ;
 You're to others kneeling, fighting,
 Wheedling, vowing, weeping, dying,
 To betray where'er you can
 Never, never, &c.

Silly maidens, here take warning,
 Vows of love, with prudence scorning.
 Never, never, &c.

B

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE DUET. MARGARETTA and SUSAN.

Marg. Of lover's you'll have plenty,
 Be married ere you're twenty,
 The youth whom most you favour
 Is gone hence afar ;
 An honest farmer wooes you,
 A lawyer too pursues you ;
 But ah ! your heart's enslaver
 Is a British Tar.
 His country's cause espousing,
 The trump of glory rousing
 His valour's best emotion,
 He'll a conq'rour prove.
 But ah ! the fatal story !
 The heart which pants for glory.
 Inconstant as the ocean.

Susan. And is he false in love ?

Marg. This morning I espied you,
 By magic art descried you,
 The sailor's gift receiving,
 It was a purse of gold.

Susan. I'll pay it where 'tis owing
 A keepsake too bestowing,
 My kindred's wants relieving.

Marg. Your gratitude thus raising
 His noble bounty praising,
 Your heart so fond believing.

Susan. Is to my William true

Marg. The traitor's love disdaining
 That keepsake, why retaining,

Both. In trust this pledge receiving,
 Is Margaretta's due.

SONG

SONG. BEN.

Our line was form'd, the French lay too,
One sigh I gave to Poll on shore,
Too cold I thought our last adieu,
Our parting kisses seem'd too few!
If we should meet no more.

But love avast! my heart is oak!
Howe's daring signal floats on high,
I see through roaring cannon's smoke
Their awful line subdued and broke,
They strike!---they sink!---they fly!

C H O R U S.

Now (danger past) w'll drink and joke
Sing "Rule Britannia! hearts of oak!"
And toast before each martial tune,
Howe and the Glorious first of June:

Farewell, to every sea delight,
The cruize with eager watchful days,
The skillfull chase by glimering night:
The well work'd ship, the gallant fight:
The lov'd commander's praise:

Yet Polly's love and constancy,
With prattling babes, more joy shall bring,
Proud when my boys shall first at sea.
Follow great Howe and victory,
And serve our noble King.

C H O R U S.

Then, &c.

FINALE,

SONG. First.

Our love was born in the English day too,
Ourselves have to fall on the
To call it death our life a day,
Our parting time is too few!
It should have no more.

But love is not a thing that can be
It is a thing that can be
It is a thing that can be

FINALE
RULE BRITANNIA.

Verse and Chorus,
Sing to the British hearts of oak,
And tell of love and martial tune,
I love and the O'erthrow of June.

For the brave with eager youthful days
The faithful of the glimmering night;
The well-remembered gallant fight;
The loved commander's praise.

For the love and confidence
With parting looks, more for still being
Proud when my boys find their sea,
Follow me home and victory,
And leave our noble King.

CHORUS.

Then, etc.

FINALE